

THE DAILY REVIEW

BISBEE, ARIZONA.

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Bisbee, Arizona, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published by STATE CONSOLIDATED PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Publishers of THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW, Bisbee, Arizona, THE ARIZONA DAILY STAR, Tucson, Arizona.

Advertising Rates covering insertion in both papers furnished on application.

Telephone 28

Subscription Rates

By Mail, Carriage or Agent.

One Month.....75 Cents

Six Months.....\$4.50

One Year, if paid in advance \$7.50

A complete job printing, book binding and ruling establishment. Mining Company work a specialty.

Address all communications to THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW, Bisbee, Arizona.

ONLY MEN

AFTER ALL.

Ever since the news of the sinking of the Titanic, one question has occupied a foremost place in inquiries concerning the details—will it turn out that all the millionaires who were crowded upon that floating palace have been saved while the many hundreds who were not millionaires were permitted to go down?

It has been thought that if that should be so, the result would be an intensification of public sentiment against the very wealthy. That, perhaps, would naturally follow, though it ought not to do so for the mere possession of millions can make men neither braver nor more cowardly in the presence of such an awful peril as the passengers of the Titanic faced last Monday morning.

All gallant men in those dread moments naturally stood aside and made way for the weaker women and children. No man who took a place that might have been occupied by a woman or a child was a gallant man.

On the other hand we quote the following equally unnecessary observation from the Associated Press dispatches of yesterday:

"The picture that inevitably presents itself in view of what is known, is of men like John Jacob Astor, master of scores of millions, Benjamin Guggenheim, of the famous family of bankers; Isadore Strauss, the merchant prince; William T. Stead, the veteran journalist; Major Archibald Butt, the soldier, and Washington Roebling, the noted engineer—or any or all of these men stepping aside and bravely, gallantly, remain to die that the place he otherwise might have filled could perhaps be taken by some saboteur, shawl-enshrouded, illiterate and penniless peasant woman of Europe."

The picture presents, whether accurately or not, just what should be presented, the stepping aside of any man, every man to make way for the last "saboteur, shawl-enshrouded, illiterate, and penniless peasant woman from Europe." We do not think that any of the distinguished gentlemen named, in the moment of that act of heroism would have claimed credit for the performance. With so many other things to engross his attention, we are surprised that the correspondent has wasted his time in preferring such a claim in their behalf.

Irrelevantly because it is so much of an exception to the rule, may be mentioned an incident in the Republic disaster a few years ago. There was happily little loss of life but the peril seemed imminent and there was an incipient panic. There was a rush for the boats and the well-disciplined crew was caring for the women and children. A New Yorker, prominent in business and political life, for a moment became panic stricken and attempted to thrust women aside. He tried to argue the matter. His great business interests, he said, made it much more important that he should live than that others who were being saved should survive. An officer to whom all lives in that supreme moment seemed on the level and of equal importance silenced that argument with a well directed blow. The incident was given brief notice but the name of the excited passenger has never appeared in print. It was well enough that it has not. He represented no class. In that moment he did not represent even himself. For the moment he ceased to represent mankind.

THE VIRTUOUS MR. BOURNE.

Mr. Jonathan Bourne, senior senator from Oregon, possesses a sense of humor. Some may regard the following expression of it as an exhibition of hypocrisy. Mr. Bourne is far

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT
By Roy K. Moulton.

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FROM THE TRAINING CAMPS

Oh, hear the joyful tidings that come from the balmy south.
Te optimistic items that are passed from mouth to mouth.
There's nothing to it fellers, but a record-breakin' team.
The felders are perfection and the pitchin' staff's a dream.
They're hittin' round 300 and we've somehow got a bunch.
There's nothing to it but phenoms, a fine and fancy bunch.
No other team in either league, so far as critics know.
Can stack up with our training squad or has the slightest show.
Of course, that's what they all say and it really doesn't sound
As though there's going to be sufficient pennants to go round.
'Tis always in the idea of March we hear this joyous tune,
But it sounds somewhat different along the first of June.
For then the fans are baffled quite to know just where the clubs.
Picked up all of those bush league mutts and corner sand lot dubs.
They cry "Someone should buy this team who's got a little sense!"
Someone who doesn't get stage fright when thinking of expense.
Oh, take 'em out and kill 'em for thy're greenhorns, weak and lame!"
So goes that chiefest of delights, the great and only game.

DIPPED FROM THE STREAM

A restaurant man at Des Moines has been arrested for cooking onions. The evidence against him is probably strong.

A gentleman named Theodore Rabbits lives at Aliens, Mich. It seems as though he ought to run for something.

A cure for laziness has been discovered, but there is some doubt as to whether it will ever be as effective

as father's trunk strap.
The G. O. P. is said to be looking for a man to pour oil on the troubled political waters. What's the matter with John D?

If Italy really wants to whip Turkey she should send out a few thousand of those blood thirsty Camorists.
About time to run the Taft steam roller out of the garage and oil her up for the 1912 handicap.
The linotypers are still referring to him occasionally as Chump Clark.

THE SYSTEM.

It isn't what you make, my boy.
But what you save that counts.
The folks that skimp and sacrifice,
Have dough in large amounts.
We've often heard from wise old heads
This bit of sage advice:
The fellow who hangs on to his
Will always have the price,
If it costs ten a week to live.
And you are making eight,
Hang onto all your surplus, lad.
And then as sure as fate,
It is a very patent fact,
Ere many decades lapse,
You'll be a multi-millionaire.
That is to say—perhaps.

WILL COME WITH MILLENIUM—PERHAPS.

Twelve-cent bacon.
Non-dissable collar buttons.
Toupees that look natural.
Patent leathers that won't crack.
Store teeth that don't look the part.
Turnipless horseradish.
Buckwheat cakes brown on both sides.
Deaf and dumb barbers.
Odorless automobiles.
Honest politics (extremely doubtful).
Discreet beer wagon drivers.
Short-haired piano artists.
Honest strawberry boxes.
Whiskerless Russian counts.

IRIS TERRORIZED
BY AUTO BANDITS

Carouy, one of the band of bandits.

The series of robberies in Paris, all traceable to the notorious auto gang, have set the world agog as no other crimes of modern times. Banks, museums, homes, all share alike and the police seem utterly unable to cope with them. Twenty thousand dollars is offered by one banker for their capture, dead or alive. The government has appropriated \$100,000 to help fight them. Every policeman in the French capital is wearing a belt with a pistol of large caliber visible to all. The ring leader is Bonnot, a noted anarchist, and his first lieutenant is Carouy.

Interesting to Astronomers.

No way has been yet found in which the sun's corona with its unknown gases may be properly studied except during a total eclipse. The wonderful halo that the sun wears is one of the most interesting objects in the heavens to astronomers, and it is important to know all that can be known about these strange lights that shoot out millions of miles beyond the sun.

ter and on his arrival at Washington he hastened to attach himself to Mr. Aldrich, who through the closing days of his career had no other such a constant and faithful servant.

On the incoming of Mr. Taft, Mr. Bourne sought to attach himself to that jovial person and distinguished golf player. Mr. Bourne began to take to golf. It was delicately signified to him that the president's list of intimates was already filled. Then Mr. Bourne had his second spasm of virtue and since that time he has been devoting himself to the noble work of making men better and raising the people of Oregon especially nearer to the political heaven.

Now, upon the re-election of Mr. Bourne the success of the experiment of popular government rests. If it failed, it is a failure because of a lack of "intelligence to recognize" a good thing when it is seen.

Cannon Silent for Years
Roar in Honor of Knox

The guns of Castillo de la Cabrera Venezuela, commanding the eastern extremity of beautiful Lake Valencia, broke the silence of a century recently in honor of the government that wrested from Spain her sole remaining possession in the New World.

The compliment is more easily appreciated when the history of the famous fortification is revealed. They were built of stone in the 18th century to protect the Spanish settlers from the Indians. In the war of Venezuelan independence, the words were taken by the revolutionists, but because of their historic associations and the inborn veneration for anything Spanish, the conquerors decreed that their guns should not speak again.

The vow was broken by common consent, according to the minister of foreign affairs, General M. A. Mates, who cleverly called upon the secretary of state to look into the faces of the crowd that surged about him and to judge for himself whether the smiles and cheers were from the heart or pre-arranged through official mandate.

Coming from the foreign minister this has peculiar point, for General Mates is recognized as the most pronounced "Anti-American."

The friendliness of the populace was the feature of the diplomatic visit in Venezuela. Thousands, surging about the secretary's carriage, waved their hats, cheering and laughing, more like an American crowd than had been met with before in the Knox itinerary. Silence fell when he opened his mouth and when he had concluded an address of which not one in a thousand had understood a word, the air rang with cheers. But when compliments were paid in Spanish to the United States, smiles lighted the faces of the throng. It did not take the natives long to learn the music of the "Star Spangled Banner," and invariably, as the first bar sounded, off came the hats, and this means something under a tropical sun.

Mr. Knox was delighted over the

popular reception and at the conclusion of his set speech at the dinner given him by the president, in his palace of Miraflores on the night preceding his departure, he exclaimed with frankness and much feeling:
"I had not supposed that there was so great and generous hospitality in Venezuela."

The dinner was the chief function of the visit. The eighty guests included all high governmental officials and the resident diplomats with their wives. The South American ministers and notably the Spanish minister, Silvio Fernandez Vallin y Alfonso, were cordial toward the whole visit. The Cuban minister, General Ignacio Andrade, who married a Wisconsin woman and the Brazilian charge, Dr. Lucilio de Cunha Bueno were very friendly. Dr. Jose Borda, the Columbia minister, was at all the functions and at one of the most largely attended affairs—the reception given by minister and Mrs. Northcutt, at the United States legation—looked on to chat with Mr. Knox on topics in no way connected with international affairs. At most of the functions, the president accompanied Mr. Knox, though General Mates was always to the fore, speaking for the president, who does not command English and directing everything.

An affair not on the official program and to which Mr. Knox and Mrs. Knox, who shared in the honors at all times with the secretary, were not invited, was a bull fight Saturday afternoon. Those Americans who from curiosity looked in at the slaughter, were greeted even more boisterously than were the matadores and were quite prepared for the honor when the particular favorite of the bull ring, after throwing his cloak into their box, announced that he was about to dispatch his four-legged foe for the honor of the United States and our distinguished guests. A moment later he was tossed on the horns of the infuriated beast and all but gave up his life.

Changing Men Sometimes
Helps Team In Winning

"Let well enough alone" is an axiom that the successful big league managers must sometimes avoid. The record of many a veteran success has been the direct result of a shrewd shift in the team's lineup without the club having to get any players from the outside.

It requires much thought and patience to know exactly what position a player fills best. One ball tosser may be mediocre in one position and a star in another. That is the reason the manager must keep alert and try to discover if by moving Jones to the outfield and sending Smith, a man on the bench, to the infield he might buttress his team.

Some years ago Manager Frank Selee was dissatisfied with his club. It needed more life and youth. On first

base he had Tom Tucker, a once great player, who was aging. Selee was soon convinced that first base had to be strengthened or Boston wouldn't figure in the race for the National League flag.

It was a perplexing problem, for Selee had no utility first baseman and didn't know where to get one. It happened that he had discovered a promising young outfielder by the name of Stahl. Stahl showed enough stuff in warrent his getting a trial, but the Boston outfield was in good hands, and there was no room for Stahl.

Finally Selee had the reins loosened. He shifted Fred Tenney from right field to first base and put Stahl in Tenney's place. The fans and critics ridiculed Selee for making such a change but in a few weeks they saw the wisdom of the move.

It was not long before Tenney was proclaimed the greatest first baseman in the history of baseball and Stahl in the final of the year. This was in the season of 1897 and as a result of the shift Boston started a pennant-winning streak which lasted two years. Probably the next greatest shift

UGILIST IS DYING
AFTER RING FIGHT

Louis Margolian

CLEVELAND, C., April 18—(Special.) As the result of an unfortunate ring accident which happened to Louis Margolian, and which may result fatally, the fight game is likely to be stopped here.

The accident occurred during one of the preliminaries of the White Julian scrap.
"Louis Margolian, 3315 Scovill avenue, a 15 year old bantam weight known to ring followers as "Fighting Mungie," dropped unconscious in the sixth round of a scheduled ten round preliminary with "Kid Goldberg," of Syracuse, New York. At Huron Road hospital doctors say that paralysis is slowly creeping over his body and that they do not expect him to live.

Sixteen hundred fight fans had crowded into the cramped auditorium to see Charles White of Chicago battle over the twelve round route with "Kid" Julian of Syracuse, the main bout of the night. The collapse of Margolian was not permitted to interfere with the program. The boy was bundled into an ambulance and the next preliminary soon took the minds of the spectators from the unexpected climax to the first fight of the night.

"DICKENS' WIT AND WISDOM"
By MRS. HOGUE STINCHCOMB

SENTIMENT OR SENTIMENTALITY

"It will often be found that the sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished."—Barnaby Rudge.

As a people we love to be humbugged.
We like plays that appeal to hollow sentiments.
We like politicians who make a loud and hearty bluster about things that matter little.

We like pretty little lady-like charities that get us no where, but deeper in the middle.
As women, we adore sentimental speeches that are, on the face of them, false; and as men, we are willing to suffer heavy punishments for some rag or tatter of the dark ages which we call chivalry.

The real things of life—duty to ourselves and duty to our fellowman—we are not so fond of.

The honesty which means justice in business and in the home as well as justice meted out in the courts, is hard to practice.
There is nothing harder than being honest with one's self, because we are sentimental.

I know of a young girl who gave up home and friends to go into religious work. She had an old mother who was helpless and dependent upon her. She had a half-witted sister who needed her more than the church. Surely the Master will not blame her. She followed her vision, but there can be no doubt that she was pleased with a sounding sentiment, rather than a duty.

Only the right and wrong things of this world came securely and plainly labeled we would get along much better.
But as they are not we must strive to know sentiment from sentimentality—justice from law, laws of man from laws of humanity—life from within rather than life from without.

ANIMALS IMITATED IN NEW STYLES
FOR FASHIONABLE EVENING WEAR

The accompanying photo shows fashion's latest in gowns. Instead of the gown having a long continuous train it is for the present fashion's sake split like the tail of a fish. Black velvet is the body of the skirt with a macramé lace overdress banded around the edge with an exquisite beaded design, finished with a fringe. The little cap of metallic lace is an accessory to the toilet that now seems indispensable.



The accompanying photo shows the body of the skirt with a macramé lace overdress banded around the edge with a beaded design, finished with a fringe. The little cap of metallic lace is an accessory to the toilet that now seems indispensable.

made by a big league manager took place in 1901 when Fred Clarke took Hans Wagner away from right field and sent him to short in place of "Bones" Killy.

This move was also attacked by the fans who could not believe that an awkward player like Wagner could fill a position requiring so much speed and alertness as shortstop.

Use of the Horse.
Owing to the advancement of science it would be possible to get along without horses now, if it were not for the necessity of having a few of them at the annual horse show.

FAMILIES OF THE HILLSVILLE OUTLAWS ARE STOICALLY
AWAITING FATE OF HUNTED MEN; SHOW REMARKABLE NERVE

The mountaineers of Virginia are from generation to generation a stoical lot, meeting their fate quietly and determinedly. Even death, to all appearances, has no terror to them. While those of the Allen clan wanted for the murder of Judge Massie in the Hillsville tragedy, still at large are being hunted, the families continue about their daily work as though nothing had happened. Sidna Allen lived in a beautiful home, his was an exception rather than a rule, and to the homes of some of the clan the sudden disappearance of the breadwinner meant actual privation. "The children of Sidna Allen, two bright, determined boys, and a sweet little girl of nine, all show the hunt for their father. They are aware that they will perhaps never see their father alive again.